

CHICKASHA DAILY EXPRESS

EVANS & SMITH

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JUDGE WILLIAMS HERE.

A very important case is on trial in Oklahoma and the voters are the jurors. The verdict of the jury will determine who will be the next governor of the state.

We take it that every juror is desirous of acting intelligently and therefore is anxious to get all the available evidence bearing on the case. The presentation of evidence has begun and will continue until August 1. It is the business of the voter to weigh all the testimony and to cast his ballot according to his best judgment.

Now an important part of the evidence in this case has to do with the candidates themselves. The personality of each candidate must be scrutinized and to this end a personal view is necessary. During the course of the campaign we shall have opportunities to see and to hear all of the candidates and to form opinions as to their ability and other qualities that go to make up the equipment required for the governorship.

This evening we are to have "exhibit A" before us in the person of Judge H. L. Williams, the first gubernatorial candidate to speak in Chickasha during the present campaign. Judge Williams has played a prominent part in the history of Oklahoma and he is by no means a stranger among us but since he is before us as a candidate for governor we want to take a closer view of him and become better acquainted with him.

As the other candidates come we shall want to do the same thing with them, subjecting all to the same careful scrutiny. Whatever preference we may have at the present time, as intelligent voters we shall want to get all possible information that may aid us in reaching our final decision.

Personally, we have our "druthers" among the various candidates, but we expect to give all of them a square deal as far as the Express is concerned, placing them before our readers impartially. We bespeak for Judge Williams the same respectful hearing that we shall ask for other candidates. As voters we owe it to the candidates for this high office to hear their claims and their views and it is to be hoped that the people will turn out, giving Judge Williams a large audience.

SAPULPA COULDN'T SUPPORT TWO NEWSPAPERS.

McAlester News-Capital, Oklahoma City, Muskogee and Tulsa are the only three cities in the state that are supporting two or more daily newspapers. Edin, Lawton and Bartlesville each have two daily papers but they are given scant support.

Sapulpa is one of the best towns in the state, but it has decided that it is folly to attempt to support two newspapers. The Daily Democrat has been absorbed by the Argus. The last issue of the Democrat had the following comment:

"For almost three years the Daily Democrat and Daily Argus have struggled along in an attempt to eke out an existence and our personal experience is such as to convince us beyond a doubt that two daily newspapers in the city of Sapulpa cannot exist under the present patronage, and, in fact, if one paper is to exist and be made a creditable paper, it must receive more advertising patronage than both have received in the past three years. A newspaper is an expensive proposition and while our people have been reaching out for various institutions they have to a certain extent lost sight of those which they had. There are few, if any businesses in Sapulpa, outside of factories, that have paid out as much money in weekly wage as the Daily Democrat, and all this at a loss to its owner.

"After trying to keep the old ship afloat for three years, on a losing proposition, the editor talked the matter over with Mr. Flynn and offered either to take his hat over or he was to take ours. He accepted the proposition and on the first of the month will handle the Daily Democrat and we retire from the daily field. In so doing we would respectfully ask that the merchants of the town look at this

If you are only above the average man your success is secured, and the degree of success is in ratio to the greater degree of ability and attention which you give above the average.—Andrew Carnegie.

WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa. — "When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Reform in the Home. I know a woman who was seriously convinced that she ought to improve her husband. He had numerous small faults that annoyed her.

"Jim," she began, "I want to tell you something about your faults."

Jim braced himself so obviously that she added, hastily, "That you can tell me mine!"

"Gee!" replied Jim. "I haven't got time to reform you; it takes all my time to reform myself!"

Somehow this woman didn't feel like telling Jim his faults right then; she thought it over and decided that her chief married business was with herself. She decided that if "a friend should bear a friend's infirmities," married people should dwell on each other's lovable traits and forget each other's failings. The reform bug is the very worst insect that can infest a household.

Sallow complexion is due to a torpid liver. Herbine purifies and strengthens the liver and bowels and restores the rosy bloom of health to the cheek. Price 50c. Sold by Owl Drug Store.—Adv.

Of course everybody will observe Mother's Day, but how about poor old father who has to tote the coal and water, make the fires and do all the rest of the drudgery?

Doc Dawson dropped into our sanctum the other day and announced positively that he had no troubles to tell. It is always more or less refreshing to meet a man like that.

With the Methodist general conference in session at Oklahoma City and the town filled with preachers, it will be up to somebody to advise the "yellow" legged chickens to roost high.

STOLEN SMILE/TWO.

A Laugh's Whisper.

"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a man of a little girl.

"Yes, sir; it's the whisper of a laugh."

War is Hell

Yes, it is only too true; we were in hopes wartimes were over. Not so. If we could have the land without the inhabitants, well and good. What will we do with these 19th century cutthroats? Civilize them. We ought to have more of a man to start with. This is the biggest job America ever undertook.

ATWOOD'S C. O. D.

Has an immense job on its hands. War, war, to the hilt on high prices. Wake-up, wake-up, see the best goods going, at a great sacrifice. We are not ashamed of our prices. We publish them broadcast. The merchant who simply meets prices is a poor merchant for the community. Does it because he has to.

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Summer Squash, per lb.....15c	Dried Beef, sliced, per lb.....40c
Round Green Beans, per lb.....17½c	Luncheon Ham, sliced, per lb.....20c
Fresh Tomatoes, per lb.....12½c	Breakfast Bacon, sliced, per lb.....35c
Egg Plant, per lb.....15c	Snow Drift Lard, 10 lb. ball.....\$1.25
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	New Cabbage, per lb.....3c

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50 pound sack.....\$1.30. 24 pound sack.....65c.

A FIDDLE AND A CIRCUS

By MICHAEL J. PORTER.

The gossips of Gloversville had it that Deacon Pegram, widower, and Mrs. Mary Moreton, widow, were engaged to be married.

The gossips were a little premature. The couple had been courting for a year, but they were not engaged yet. With all respect for the widow, it may be said that it wasn't her fault. Deacon Pegram was a careful, prudent man.

When the deacon married he selected a woman who looked so meek and humble that he believed she would not resent a box on the ear occasionally. The first time he started the boxing game he discovered that he had made an awful blunder. It was his ears that got the cuffing. He was, therefore, going slow in regard to the widow.

Both the deacon and the widow were members of the same church, but there was a difference in the way they lived their religious. The deacon believed in all sorts of hell-fire for a man that went out to gather huckleberries on a Sunday, or halted to see the end of a dog fight on any week day, and the widow figured that she could even attend a straw-ride or a barn dance and yet secure her golden harp when the time came to call for it.

The deacon knew that she had liberal ideas, but he had let that matter alone. All being ready at last, he called to bring about the climax. At the gate he was almost turned to stone. He caught the strains of a fiddle from within the house.

The deacon braced against the shock and knocked on the door.

The widow opened it. She had the fiddle in her hand as bold as brass.

"Why good evening, deacon?"

He glared at her in silence.

"I was just practising my exercises. What's the matter?"

"That—that fiddle!"

"Yes, it's a fiddle, and I am going to learn to play. You seem astonished."

"A fiddle here in this house!" he gasped. "The Widow Moreton descending to such depravity! Why—why—"

"I don't see your point, deacon," she said, as she laid the instrument aside. "What is there wrong about my learning to play the fiddle?"

"It is played at dances!"

"If you came here this evening to kick up a fuss over a harmless fiddle, you can go away again!"

"I can, and will! Thank heaven, it is not too late! We are not pledged!"

"And I, too, am thankful for that!" And Deacon Pegram stalked out.

After a week he thought to strengthen his position by going to his pastor and asking:

"Pastor, doesn't our religion teach us that the fiddle is a thing to beware of?"

"No, I can hardly say that it does," was the reply.

"And it isn't one of the wives of Satan?"

"No more than the piano or the harp."

"But if a woman learns to play the fiddle?" persisted the deacon.

"Many of them do."

"But, pastor, the Bible don't mention that they have fiddles in heaven. It only speaks of harps."

"I know, Brother Pegram, but I'm not so sure that they didn't call a fiddle a harp in those ancient days."

The deacon went home and kicked the wooden door because the dog wasn't handy.

The good man struggled with himself for a couple of days and then decided to meander past the widow's house. He would not stop, but just meander. But he did stop when he reached the gate. He was going right on when he saw that the upper hinge was loose. He was gazing at it when the woman came to the door and said:

"Oh, deacon, are you going to take me to the circus next week?"

"What?" he shouted; and when she had repeated her query he exclaimed: "The fiddle first and the circus next!"

"But what's the matter with the circus?"

"What's the matter with everybody going to the bottomless pit together! Widow Moreton, this is too much—too much!"

"But I shall go by myself!"

And so she did, when the day came, and the deacon was so mad about it that he wouldn't even stand at his gate and see the elephants go past. He continued mad for three days and then went to his pastor.

"Did you preach a sermon against that circus last Sunday? I was not feeling well, and was not at church."

"Why, no, I didn't," was the reply.

"Did you warn the people that Satan was luring them?"

"Brother Pegram, I was there with my whole family!"

"You—you can't mean it!"

"But I do. Yes, we were there and saw both the circus and the menagerie, and if Satan was around he was in a back cage somewhere! And I am going to the ball game tomorrow!"

Deacon Pegram walked straight from the pastor's house to that of the Widow Moreton's, and without waiting to remove his hat or sit down he said: "Widow, I love you!"

"Yes?"

"Will you marry a—a fool?"

"Do a fiddle and the circus go with him?" she asked.

"Yes, and maybe a barn dance!"

"Then I say 'yes.'"



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